

Lamentable BALLAD OF THE LADY'S FALL.

To the Tune of, *In Pescod time, &c.*



Mark well my heavy doleful Tale,
you loyal Lovers all,
And headfully bear in your breast,
a gallant Lady's Fall:
Long was she woo'd e'er she was won,
to lead a wedded life,
But folly wrought her overthrow,
before she was a Wife.

Too soon, alas, she gave Consent
to yield unto his Will,
Though he protested to be true,
and faithful to her still,
She felt her Body alter'd quite,
her bright hue waxed pale,
Her fair red Cheeks turn'd Colour
her strength began to fail. (white,

So that with many a sorrowful sigh,
this beauteous Maiden mild,
With grievous heart perceiv'd herself,
to be conceiv'd with Child:
She kept it from her Father's sight,
as close as close might be,
And so put on her silken gown,
none might her swelling see.

Unto her Lover secretly,
she did herself bewray,
And walking with him hand and hand,
these Words to him did say,

Behold said she, a Maid's distress,
my Love brought to thy Bow
Behold I go with Child by thee,
but none thereof doth know.

The little Babe springs in my Womb,
to hear it's Father's Voice,
Let it not be a Bastard call'd,
sith I made thee my Choice:
Come, come, my Love perform thy
and wed me out of hand; (vow
O leave me not in this extrem,
in Grief always to stand.

Think on thy former promise made,
thy Vows and Oaths each one:
Remember with what bitter Tears,
to me thou made thy moan:
Convey me to some secret Place,
and marry me with speed;
Or with thy Rapier end my Life,
e'er further Shame proceed.

Alas, my dearest Love, quoth he,
my greatest Joy on Earth,
Which way can I convey thee hence,
without a sudden Death?
Thy Friends they be of high degree,
and I of mean Estate,
Full hard it is to get thee forth,
out of thy Father's Gate.

Dread not thy self, to save my Fame,
and if thou taken be.
My self will step between the Sword,
and take the harm on me;
So shall I 'scape dishonour quite,
if so I should be slain;
What can they say, but that true Love
did work a Lady's bane.

And fear not any further Harm,
my self will so devise,
That I will go away with thee,
unseen of mortal Eyes:
Disguis'd like some pretty Page,
I'll meet thee in the dark,
And all alone I'll come to thee,
hard by my Father's Park.

And there, quoth he, I'll meet,
if God do give me Life;
And this Day Month without all fail,
I will make thee my Wife:
Then with a sweet and loving kiss,
they parted presently,
And at their parting brinish Tears,
stood in each other's Eyne.

At length the wished day was come,
whereby this lovely Maid,
With lovely Eyes and strange attire,
for her true Lover staid:
When any Person she espy'd,
come riding o'er the Plain,
She thought it was her own true Love,
but all her hopes were vain.

Then did she weep and fore bewail,
her most unhappy state,
Then did she spake these woful words,
when succourless she sat:
O false, forsworn, and faithless Wretch,
disloyal to thy Love;
Hast thou forgot thy promise made,
and wilt thou perjur'd prove.

And hast thou now forsaken me,
in this my great Distress,
To end my days in open Shame,
which you might'st well redress?
Woe worth the time I did believe,
that flattering Tongue of thine,
Would God that I had never seen,
the Tears of thy false Eyne.

And thus with many a sorrowful Sigh,
homewards she went again,
No rest came in her watry Eyes,
she felt such bitter Pain,

In travell strong she felt that Night,
with many a bitter throw,
What woful Pangs she felt that Night,
doth each good Woman know.

She called up her Waiting-maid,
that lay at her Bed's feet,
Who musing at her Mistress's Woe,
did straight begin to weep:
Weep not, said she, but shut the Door,
and Windows round about,
Let none bewail my wretched Case,
but keep all Persons out.

O Mistress, call your Mother dear:
of Woman you have need,
And of some skilful Midwife's help,
the better you may speed:
Call not my Mother for thy Life,
nor call no Woman here,
Tho' Midwife's help comes now too late,
my death I do not fear.

With that the Babe, sprang in her Womb,
no Creature being nigh,
And with a Sigh that broke her Heart,
this gallant Dame did die:
This living little Infant young,
the Mother being dead,
Resign'd her new received Breath,
to him that had her made.

Next Morning came her Lover true,
affrighted at the News,
And he for sorrow slew himself,
whom each one did accuse:
The Mother with the new born Babe,
were both laid in one Grave,
Their Parents overcome with Woe,
no Joy of them could have.

Take heed, you dainty Dam'sels all,
of flattering words beware,
And of the honour of your Name,
have you a special care:
Too true, alas, this story is,
as many one can tell;
By others harms learn to be wise,
and thou shalt do full well.

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